

THE
FRENCHIFY'D LADY
NEVER IN
P A R I S.

A
C O M E D Y.
IN
TWO ACTS,

As it is acted

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in CROW-STREET,

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Altered from Dryden by Colley Cibber, Esq;

DUBLIN;

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MDCC LXI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Palamede

Mr. DEXTER.

Rodophil

Mr. REED.

Servant.

Mr. MORRIS.



Melantha,

Mrs. ABINGTON.

Doralice,

Miss OSBORNE.

Philotis,

Mrs. WALKER.

LADIES, &c.

SCENE, *Sicily.*



THE
Frenchify'd Lady.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Wood.*

Enter Rhodophil, meeting Palamede.

Rho. **H**ow, *Palamede!*

Pal. Rhodophil!

Rho. Who thought to have seen you in *Sicily*? What brought you home from travel?

Pal. The commands of an old rich father.

Rho. And the hopes of burying him.

Pal. Both together as you see, have prevailed on my good nature. In few words, my old man has already married me, for he has agreed with another old man, as rich and covetous as himself, the articles are drawn, and I have given my consent, for fear of being disinherited; and yet know not what kind of woman I am to marry.

Rho. Sure your father intends you some very ugly wife, and has a mind to keep you in ignorance, 'till you have shot the gulf.

Pal. I know not that; but obey I will, and must—But what's the reason that in all this time, a friend could never hear from you?

Rho. Alas, dear *Palamede*, I have had no joy to write, nor indeed to do any thing in the world to please me; the greatest misfortune imaginable is fallen upon me!

Pal. Prithce, what's the matter?

A 2

Rho. In

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Rbo. In one word, I am marry'd; wretchedly marry'd; and have been above these two years, yes, faith, the devil has had power over me, in spite of my vows and resolutions to the contrary.

Pal. I find you have sold yourself for filthy lucre; she's old, or ill-condition'd.

Rbo. No, none of these: I am sure she's young; and for her humour, she laughs, sings, and dances eternally; and which is more, we never quarrel about it, for I do the same.

Pal. You're very unfortunate, indeed: 'Then the case is plain, she's not handsome.

Rbo. A great beauty too, as people say.

Pal. As people say! Why, you should know that best yourself.

Rbo. Ask those that have smelt a strong perfume two years together, what's the scent?

Pal. But here are good qualities enough for one woman.

Rbo. Ay, too many, *Palamede*; if I cou'd put 'em into three or four women, I should be content.

Pal. O now I have found it, you dislike her for no other reason, but because she's your wife.

Rbo. And is not that enough? All that I know of her perfections now, is only by memory: I remember indeed that about two years ago, I lov'd her passionately; but those golden days are gone, *Palamede*.

Pal. The truth is, your disease is very desperate; but though you cannot be cur'd, you may be patch'd up a little; you must get you a mistress, *Rhodophil*: That indeed is living upon cordials; but, as fast as one fails, you must supply it with another.

Rbo. Truth is, I have been thinking on't, and have just resolv'd to take your counsel; and faith, considering the disadvantages of a marry'd man, I have provided well enough for an humble sinner, that is not ambitious of great matters.

Pal. What is she for a woman?

Rbo. One of the stars of *Syracuse*, I assure you: Young enough, fair enough, and, but for one quality, just such a woman as I could wish for; being a town-lady, without any relation to the court: Yet she thinks herself undone, if she be not seen three or four times a day

day with the princess: And for the king, she haunts and watches him so narrowly in a morning, that she prevents even the chymists, who beset his chamber, to turn their mercury into his gold.

Pal. Yet hitherto methinks, you are no very unhappy man.

Rho. No lady can be so curious of a new fashion, as she is of a new *French* word. She is the very mint of the nation; and as fast as any bullion comes out of *France*, coins it immediately into our language.

Pal. And her name is ———

Rho. No naming; that's not like a cavalier: Find her if you can by description; and I am not so ill a painter, that I need write the name beneath the picture.

Pal. Well then, how far have you proceeded in your love?

Rho. 'Tis yet in the bud, and what fruit it may bear, I cannot tell, for this insufferable humour of haunting the court is so predominant, that she has hitherto broken all her assignations with me, for fear of missing her visit there.

Pal. That's the hardest part of your adventure.

Rho. Have you seen your mistress yet?

Pal. No, but I was just going as I met you.

Rho. Then don't let me hinder you; for to tell you the truth, I have a small affair upon my hands.

Pal. Why then, dear *Rhodophil* ———

Rho. No ceremony; we shall meet, and compare notes.

Pal. Positively.

Rho. Adieu ———

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Doralice, and Beliza.

Dor. *Beliza*, bring the lute into this arbour, the walks are empty: I would hear the song the princess *Almathea* bid me learn. [*Enter Palamede*] [*they go in and sing.*]

Bel. Madam, a stranger.

Dor. I did not think to have witnesses of my bad singing.

Pal. If I have err'd, madam, I hope you'll pardon the curiosity of a stranger; for I may well call my self so, after five year's absence from the court; but you have freed me from one error.

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Dor. What's that, I beseech you?

Pal. I thought good voices and ill faces had been inseparable; and that to be fair, and to sing well, had been only the privilege of angels.

Dor. And how many more of these fine things can you say to me?

Pal. Very few, madam, for if I should continue to see you some hours longer. You look so killingly, that I would be mute with wonder.

Dor. This will not give you the reputation of a wit with me; you travelling monsieurs live upon a stock you have got abroad for the first day or two; to repeat with a good memory, and apply with a good grace, is all your wit.

Pal. I think you had best let me wait on you for two or three days together, and you shall hear all I have learnt of extraordinary in other countries, and one thing which I never saw 'till I came home, that is, a lady of a better voice, better face, and better wit, than any I have seen abroad; and after this, if I should not declare myself most passionately in love with you, I should have less wit than yet you think I have.

Dor. A very plain and pithy declaration. But are you sure these are not words of course? For I would not give my poor heart an occasion of complaint against me, that I engag'd it too rashly, and then could not bring it off.

Pal. Your heart may trust itself with me safely, I shall use it very civilly while it stays, and never turn it away, without fair warning to provide for itself.

Dor. First then, I do receive your passion with as little consideration on my part, as ever you gave it me on your's; and now see what a miserable wretch you have made yourself.

Pal. Who, I miserable? Thank you for that. Give me love enough, and life enough, and I defy fortune.

Dor. Know then, thou man of vain imagination, know, to thy utter confusion, that I am virtuous.

Pal. Such another word, and I give up the ghost.

Dor. Then to strike you quite dead, know that I am marry'd too.

Pal. Art

Pal. Art thou marry'd? O thou horrible virtuous woman!

Dor. Yes, marry'd to a gentleman; young, handsome, rich, valiant, and with all the good qualities that will make you despair and hang yourself.

Pal. Well, in spite of all that, I'll love you: Fortune has cut us out for one another; for I am to be marry'd within these three days; marry'd past redemption, to a young, fair, rich, and virtuous lady; and it shall go hard but I will love my wife as little as I perceive you do your husband.

Dor. Remember I invade no property: My servant you are only 'till you are marry'd.

Pal. In the mean time, you are to forget you have a husband.

Dor. And you, that you are to have a wife.

Bel. O madam, my lord's just at the end [*aside to her lady.*] of the walks, and if you make not haste, will discover you.

Dor. Some other time, new servant, we'll talk farther of the premisses; in the mean while, break not my first commandment, that is, not to follow me.

Pal. But where shall I find you again?

Dor. At court: Your's for two days, Sir.

Pal. And nights, I beseech you, madam.—[*Ex. Dor. and Bel.*] Well, I'll say that for thee, thou art a very dextrous executioner; that hast done my business at one stroke: Yet I must marry another—and yet I must love this; and if it lead me into some little inconveniencies, as jealousies, and duels, and death, and so forth; yet while sweet love is the case, fortune do thy worst, and avaunt mortality. [*Exit.*]

Enter Melantha, (looking in a pocket-glass) and Philotis.

Phil. Count *Rhodophil's* a ne gentleman indeed, madam, and I think deserves your affection.

Mel. Let me die but he is a fine person, he sings and dances, *en François*, and writes the *billets doux* to a miracle.

Phil. And those are no small talents to a lady that understands and values the *French* air, as your ladyship does.

Mel. How charming is the *French* air! and what an *etourdy bête* is one of our untravell'd islanders!

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Phil. 'Tis great pity *Rhodophil's* a marry'd man, that you may not have an honourable intrigue with him.

Mel. Intrigue, *Philotis!* that's an old phrase, I have said that word by; *amour*, affair, sounds better; but thou art heir to all my cast words, as thou art to my old ward-robe. Oh count *Rhodophil!* *Ab mon cher!* I cou'd live and die with him.

Enter Palamede, and a servant.

Serv. Sir, this is my lady.

Pal. Then this is she that is to be divine, and nymph, and goddess, and with whom I am to be desperately in love. [*bows to her, and delivers a letter.*] This letter madam, which I present you from your father, has given me both the happy opportunity and the boldness to kiss the fairest hands in *Sicily*.

Mel. Came you lately from *Palermo*, Sir?

Pal. But yesterday, madam.

Mel. Daughter, receive the bearer of this letter, (*reading the letter*) as a gentleman whom I have chosen to make you happy, (*Oh Venus, a new servant sent me!* and let me die, but he has the air of a gallant homme) his father is the rich lord *Cleodemus*, our neighbour. I suppose you will find nothing disagreeable in his person, or his converse, both which he has improved by travel. The treaty is already concluded, and I shall be in town within these three days; so that you have nothing to do, but to obey your careful father.

Sir, my father, for whom I have a blind obedience, [*to Palamede*] has commanded me to receive your passionate addresses; but you must also give me leave to avow, that I cannot merit 'em from so accomplish'd a cavalier.

Pal. I want many things, madam, to render me accomplished, and the first and greatest of them is your favour.

Mel. Let me die, *Philotis*, but this is extremely *French*, but yet count *Rhodophil*,—a gentleman, Sir, that understands the *grand monde* so well, who has haunted the best conversations, and who (*in short*) has voyag'd, may pretend to the good graces of any lady.

Pal. Hey day! *Grand monde!* Conversation! Voyag'd! (*aside*) and good graces! I find my mistress is one of those that run mad in new *French* words.

Mel. I

Mel. I suppose, Sir, you have made the tout of *France*, and, having seen all that's fine there, will make a considerable reformation in the rudeness of our court; for let me die, but an unfashion'd, untravell'd, mere *Sicilian* is a *bête*, and has nothing in the world of an *bonête homme*.

Pal. I must confess, madam, that——

Mel. And what new minutes have you brought over with you? Their minuets are to a miracle! and our *Sicilian* jigs are so dull and sad to 'em.

Pal. For minuets, madam——

Mel. And what new plays are there in vogue? And who danc'd best in the *grand ballet*? Come, sweet servant, you shall tell me all.

Pal. Tell her all? Why she asks all, and will hear nothing (*aside*) to answer in order, madam, to your demands——

Mel. I am thinking what a happy couple we shall be! for you shall keep up your correspondence abroad, and every thing that's new writ in *France*, and fine, I mean all that's delicate, and *bien tourné*, we will have first.

Pal. But, madam, our fortune——

Mel. I understand you, Sir, you'll leave that to me, for the *manage* of a family, I know it better than any lady in *Sicily*.

Pal. Alas, madam, we——

Mel. Then we will never make visits together, nor see a play, but always apart, you shall be every day at the king's levee, and I at the queen's, and we will never meet, but in the drawing-room.

Phil. Madam, the new prince is just pass'd the end of the walk.

Mel. The new prince, say'st thou? Adieu, dear servant, I have not made my court to him these two long hours. Oh, 'tis the sweetest prince! so *obligeant*, *charmant*, *ravissant*, that—well, I'll make haste to kiss his hands, and then make half a score visits more, and be with you again in a twinkling. [*Exit. running with Phil.*]

Pal. Now love of thy mercy blefs me from this tongue, it may keep the field against a whole army of lawyers, and that in their own language, *French* gibberish, 'tis true, in the day time, 'tis tolerable, when a man has field-room to run from it, but to be shut up in a bed with her,

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like two cocks in a pit humanity cannot support it. I must kiss all night in my own defence, and hold her down like a boy at cuffs; nay, and give her the rising blow every time she begins to speak. [Exit.]



A C T II.

Enter Palamede, solus.

Pal. 'Tis pretty odd, that my mistress should so much resemble *Rhodophil's*! The same news-monger, the same passionate lover of a court, the same, but—basta!—since I must marry her, I'll say nothing of her, because he shall not laugh at my misfortune.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. Well, Palamede, how go the affairs of love? You've seen your mistress?

Pal. I have so.

Rho. And how, and how? has the old cupid your father, chosen well for you? Is he a good woodman?

Pal. She's much handsomer than I could have imagined, in short, I love her and will marry her.

Rho. Then you are quite off your old mistress?

Pal. You are mistaken, I intend to love 'em both, as a reasonable man ought to do. For since all women have their faults and imperfections, 'tis fit that one of them should help out t'other.

Enter Doralice, walking by and reading.

Pal. Ods my life! *Rhodophil*, will you keep my counsel?

Rho. Yes, where's the secret?

Pal. There 'tis, (*showing Doralice*) I may tell you as my friend subfigillo, &c. This is that very numerical lady, with whom I am in love.

Rho. By all that's virtuous, my wife. [*aside.*]

Pal. You look strangely, how do you like her? Is she not very handsome?

Rho. Sure he abuses me (*aside*) why the devil do you ask my judgment? [*to him.*]

Pal. You are so dogged now, you think no man's mistress.

strefs handsome but your own. Come, you shall hear her talk too ; she has a wit, I assure you.

Rho. This is too much, *Palemede.* (*going back.*

Pal. Prithee do not hang back so : of an old try'd lover thou art the most bashful fellow. (*pulling him forwards.*

Dor. Were you so near and would not speak, dear husband ? (*looking up.*

Pal. Husband, quoth-a ! I have cut out a fine piece of work for myself (*aside.*

Rho. Pray, spouse, how long have you been acquainted with this gentleman ?

Dor. Who, I acquainted with this stranger ? to my best knowledge I never saw him before.

Enter Melantha at the other end.

Pal. Thanks, fortune, thou hast help'd me. (*Aside.*

Rho. *Palemede*, this must not pass so ; I must know your mistress a little better.

Pal. It shall be your own fault else. Come, I'll introduce you.

Rho. Introduce me ! where ?

Pal. There, to my mistress (*points to Mel. who passes over the stage.*)

Rho. Who ! *Melantha* ! O heavens, I did not see her.

Pal. But I did, I am an eagle where I love : I have seen her this half hour.

Dor. I find he has wit, he has got off so readily ; but it would anger me if he should love *Melantha.* (*Aside.*

Rho. Now I could e'en wish it were my Wife he lov'd, I find he's to be married to my mistress. (*Aside.*

Pal. Shall I run after, and fetch her back again, to present you to her.

Rho. No, you need not ; I have the honour to have some small acquaintance with her.

Pal. O *Jupiter* ! what a blockhead was I, not to find it out ? my wife that must be, is his mistress. I did a little suspect it before : well, I must marry her, because she's handsome, and because I hate to be disinherited for a younger brother, which I am sure I shall be if I disobey ; and yet I must keep in with *Rhodophil*, because I love his wife. (*Aside. to Rhod.*) I must desire you to make my Excuse to your Lady, if I have been so unfortunate to cause

cause any mistake, and withal to beg the honour of being known to her.

Rbo. O, that's but reason. Hark you, spouse, pray look upon this gentleman as my friend; whom, to my knowledge, you have never seen before this hour.

Dor. I am so obedient a wife, Sir, that my husband's commands, shall ever be a Law to me.

Enter Melantha again hastily, runs to embrace Doralice.

Mel. O, my dear, I was just going to pay my *devoirs* to you; I had not time this morning, for making my court to the king, and our new prince. Well, never nation was so happy, and that in a young Prince; and he's the kindest person in the world to me, let me die if he is not.

Dor. He has been bred up far from court, and therefore—

Mel. That imports not: Tho' he has not seen the *Grande Monde*, and all that, let me die but he has the Air of the court most absolutely.

Pal. But yet, madam, he —

Mel. O servant, you can testify, that I am in his good graces. Well, I cannot stay long with you, because I have promised him this afternoon — But look you, my dear, I'll tell you a secret. *(whispers Dor.)*

Rbo. The devil's in me that I must love this woman. *(Aside.)*

Pal. The devil's in me that I must marry this woman. *(Aside.)*

Mel. *(Raising her voice)* So the prince and I—But you must make a secret of this, my dear, for I would not for the world your husband should hear it, or my Tyrant there that must be.

Pal. Well, fair impertinent, your whisper is not lost, we hear you. *(Aside.)*

Dor. I understand them, that —

Mel. I'll tell you my dear, the prince took me by the hand and prest it *à la déborée*, because the king was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and said a thousand gallantries, or let me die, my dear.

Dor. Then I am sure you —

Mel. You are mistaken, my dear.

Dor. What! before I speak?

Me.

Mel. But I know your thoughts. You think, my dear that I assum'd something of *fierte* into my countenance, to *rebuté* him ; but quite contrary, I regarded him, I know not how to express it in our dull Sicilian language, *dún ayre enjoüe* ; and said nothing but *adautre*, and that it was all grimace, and would not pass upon me.

Enter Flavia, Melantha sees her, and runs away from Doralice.

(To *Flavia*) My dear, I must beg your pardon, I was just making a loose from *Doralice*, to pay my respects to you : let me die, if ever I pass time so agreeably, as in your company ; and if I would leave it for any lady's in Sicily.

Fla. Here's the new beauty, *Florimel*, is coming this way.

Entere Florimel, Melantha runs to her.

Mel. O, dear madam ! I have been at your lodgings, in my new *galeche* so often, to tell you of a new *amour* betwixt two persons whom you would little suspect for it ; that let me die if one of my coach horses be not dead, and another quite tir'd, and sunk under the fatigue.

Flor. O *Melantha* ! I can tell you news, the Prince is coming this way.

Mel. The Prince ! O sweet Prince ! he and I are two — and I forget it — your pardon, sweet, madam, for my abruptness. Adieu, my dears. Servant *Rhodophil* ; servant, servant ; servant all. *(Exit.*

(Rhodophil goes to Florimel and Flavia whispers and Exit.)

Dor. Why do you not follow your mistress, sir ?

Pal. Follow her ! why at this rate she'll be at the Indies within this half hour. — But can you in charity, suffer me to be mortify'd without affording me some relief ? if it be but to punish that sign of a husband there ; that lazy matrimony, that dull insipid taste, who leaves such delicious fare at home to dine abroad on worse meat, and pay dear for it into the bargain.

Dor. All this is vain : assure yourself, I will never admit of any visit from you in private.

Pal. That is to tell me, in other words, my condition is desperate.

Dor. I think you in so ill a condition, that I am resolv'd to pray for you this very evening, in the close walk be hind-

hind the terras ; for that's a private place, and there I am sure no body will disturb my devotions. And so good-night, Sir.

Pal. This is the newest way of making an appointment I ever heard of, let women alone to contrive the means ; I find we are but dunces to 'em. Well, I will not be so prophane a wretch as to interrupt her devotions ; but to make 'em more effectual, I'll down upon my knees, and endeavour to join my own with 'em.

Melantha, discovered at a toilet, Philotis, with a paper in her hand.

Mel. Are not you a most precious damsel ; to retard all my visits for want of language, when you know you are paid so well for furnishing me with new words for my daily conversation ? let me die, if I have not run the risque already, to speak like one of the vulgar ; and if I have a phrase left in all my store that is not thread-bare, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to peasants.

Phil. Indeed madam, I have been diligent in my vocation ; but you have so drain'd all the French plays and romances, that they are not able to supply you with words for your daily expences.

Mel. Drain'd ! what a word's there ? *Epiuséc*, you sot you, come produce your morning's work.

Phil. 'Tis here, madam.

(Shews the paper.)

Mel. O, my Venus ! fourteen or fifteen words to serve me a whole day ! let me die, at this rate I cannot last 'till night ; come read your works : twenty to one, half of them will not pass muster neither.

Phil. *Sottises.*

(Reads.)

Mel. *Sottises, bon*, that's an excellent word to begin withal, as for example : he or she said a thousand *sottises* to me : proceed.

Phil. *Figure* : as what a *figure* of a man is there ? *Naire*, and *Naiweté*.

Mel. *Naiwë* ; as how ?

Phil. Speaking of a thing that was naturally said, it was so *naiwë*, or such an innocent piece of simplicity ; 'twas such a *Naiweté*.

Mel. Truce with your interpretations ; make haste.

Phil. *Foible, chagrin, grimace, embarassé, double entendre,*

tendre, equivogue, eclaircissement, suitté, bevue, façon, panchant, coup d'etourdy, and ridicule.

Mel. Hold, hold; how did they begin?

Phil. They began at *sottises*, and ended on *ridicule*.

Mel. Now give me your paper in my hand, and hold you my glafs, while I practife my airs for the day (*Melantha laughs in the glafs*) how does that laugh become my face?

Phil. Sovereignly well, madam.

Mel. Sovereignly! let me die, that's not amifs, that word shall not be yours, I'll invent it, and bring it up myself; my new head shall be yours upon't: not a word of the word, I charge you.

Phil. I am dumb, madam.

Mel. That glance, how suits it with my face.

(*Looking in the glafs.*)

Phil. 'Tis so languifant.

Mel. Languifant! that word shall be mine too, and my last Indian gown thine for't. That sigh (*looks again.*)

Phil. 'Twill make many a man sigh, madam, 'tis a mere incendiary.

Mel. Take my blue petticoat for that truth. If thou hast any more of these phrases, let me die, but I could give away my wardrobe, and go naked for 'em.

Phil. Go naked! Then you would be a Venus, madam O Jupiter! what had I forgot? this paper was given me by *Rhodophil's* page.

Mel. (*Reading the Letter*) Beg the favour from you—gratify my passion—so far—assignation in the grotto—behind the terras—clock this evening—well, for the *billet-doux* there's no man in Sicily, must dispute with *Rhodophil*; they are so French, so gallant, and so *tendréé*, that I cannot resist the temptation of the assignation. Now go you away, *Philotis*, it imports me to practife what I shall say to my servant when I meet him.

(*Exit Phil.*)

Rhodophil, you'll wonder at my assurance to meet you here; let me die, I am so out of breath with coming, that I can render you no reason for it. Then he will make this repartee, madam, I have no reason to accuse you for that which is so great a favour to me. Then I reply, but why have you drawn me to this solitary place?

let

let me die, but I am apprehensive of some violence from you. Then says he solitude, madam, is most fit for lovers; but by this fair hand—nay now, I vow you're rude, sir: Oh fie, fie, fie, I hope you'll be honourable?—you'd laugh at me if I should, madam,—what do you mean to ravish a kiss by main force? ha, ha, ha! (*Exit.*)

Palamede and Doralice meet, she with a Book in her hand, seems to start at sight of him.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing that no warning will serve your turn; and that no retirement will secure me from your impertinent addresses! did I not tell you that I was to be private here at my devotions?

Pal. Yes; and you see I have observ'd my cue exactly: I am come to relieve you from them. Come, shut up, shut up your book; the man's come who is to supply your necessities.

Dor. Then it seems, you are so imprudent to think it was an assignation?

Pal. Venus forbid that I should harbour so unreasonable a thought of a fair young lady, that you should lead me hither into temptation. I confess I might think, indeed, it was a kind of honourable challenge, to meet privately, without seconds, and decide the difference betwixt the two sexes: But I hope you'll forgive me if I thought amiss.

Dor. You thought too I'll lay my life on't, that you might as well make love to me, as my husband does to your mistress.

Pal. I was so unreasonable to think so too.

Dor. And then you wickedly inferr'd, that there was some justice in the revenge of it: or at least but little Injury; for a man to endeavour to enjoy that, which he accounts a blessing, and which is not valu'd as it ought by the dull possessor. Confess, did not you think so?

Pal. I confess I was thinking so, as fast as I could; but you think so much before me, that you will let me think nothing.

Dor. 'Tis the very thing that I design'd: I have forestall'd all your arguments, and left you without a word more to plead for mercy. If you have any thing farther to offer, e'er sentence pass.—Poor animal! I brought you hither only for my diversion.

Pal.

Pal. That you may have, if you'll make use of me the right way, but I tell thee, woman, I'm now past talking.

Dor. Fie *Palamede*, I am a woman of honour.

Pal. I see you are; you have kept touch with your affignation, and before we part, you shall find that I, am a man of honour.—

Dor. I'll retire into the dark grotto, to my devotion, and make so little noise that it shall be impossible for you to find me.

Pal. But if I do find you—

Dor. Ay, if you do find me— *(She runs in and he after.)*

Enter Rhodophil and Melantha.

Mel. Let me die but this solitude and that grotto are scandalous; I'll go no farther: besides, you have a sweet lady of your own.

Rho. But a sweet mistress, now and then makes my sweet lady so much more sweet.

Mel. I hope you will not force me?

Rho. But I will if you desire it.

Pal. *(within)* Where the devil are you, madam? 'Death I begin to be weary of this hide and seek: if you stay a little longer, 'till the fits over, I'll hide in my turn, and put you to the finding of me.

(Enters and sees Rho. and Mel.)

How, *Rhodophil* and my mistress!

Mel. My servant to apprehend me! This is *suprenant au dernier*.

Rho. I must on, there's nothing but impudence can help me out.

Pal. *Rhodophil*, how came you hither in so good company?

Rho. As you see, *Palamede*; an effect of pure friendship; I was not able to live without you.

Pal. But what makes my mistress with you?

Rho. Why, I heard you were here alone, and could not in civility but bring her to you.

Mel. You'll pardon the effects of a passion, which I may now avow for you, if it transported me beyond the rules of bien seance.

Pal. But who told you I was here? they that told you that, may tell you more, for aught I know.

Rho.

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Rho. O, for that matter, we had intelligence..

Pal. But let me tell you, we came hither so privately, that you could not trace us.

Rho. Us ! what us ? we are alone.

Pal. Us ! the devil's in me for mistaking. Me, I meant : or us ; that is you are me, or I you, as we are friends, that's us.

Dor. *Palemede, Palemede !* *(within.*

Rho. I should know that voice : who's within there, that calls you ?

Pal. Faith, I can't imagine ; I believe that place is haunted.

Dor. *Palemede, Palemede !* *(within.*

Pal. Lord, Lord, what shall I do ? well, dear friend, to let you see I scorn to be jealous, and that I dare trust my mistress with you, take her back, for I would not willingly have her frightened ; and I am resolved to see who's there ? I'll not be daunted with a bug-bear, that's certain, prithee dispute it not, it shall be so ; nay, do not put me to swear, but go quickly ; there's an effect of pure friendship for you now.

Enter Doralice looks amazed seeing them.

Rho. *Doralice !* I am thunder-struck to see you here.

Pal. So am I quite thunder-struck ; was it you that call'd me within ? (I must be impudent.)

Rho. How came you hither, spouse !

Pal. Ay, how came you hither ? And, which is more, how could you be here without my knowledge ?

Dor. *(To her husband.)* O gentleman, have I caught you ? I thought my suspicions would prove true.

Rho. Suspicions ! This is very fine, spouse. Prithee what suspicions ?

Dor. O, you feign ignorance : why of you and *Melantha* ; here have I staid these two hours, waiting with all the rage of a passionate loving wife, but infinitely jealous, to take you two together ; for hither I was certain you would come.

Rho. But you are mistaken, spouse, in the occasions ; for we came hither on purpose to find *Palemede*, on intelligence he was gone before.

Pal. I'll be hang'd then, if the same party, who gave you intelligence I was here, did not tell your wife you would

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would come thither ; now I smell the malice out on both sides.

Dor. Was it so, think you ? nay then, I'll confess my part of the malice too. As soon as ever I spy'd my husband, and *Melantba* come together, I had a strange temptation to make him jealous in revenge ; and that made me call *Palamede*, as tho' there had been an intrigue between us.

Mel. Nay, I vow there was an appearance of an intrigue between us too.

Pal. To see how things will come about.

Rho. And was it only thus, my dear *Doralice*?

[*Embrace.*

Dor. And did I wrong n' own *Rhodophil*, with a false suspicion.

[*Embraces him.*

Pal. (*Aside.*) Now I am confident we had all four the same design : 'tis a pretty odd kind of game this, where each of us plays for double stakes : this is just thrust and parry with the same motion ; I am to get his wife, and yet to guard my own mistress. But I am vilely suspicious, that, while I conquer in the right wing, I shall be routed in the left : for both our women will certainly betray their party, because they are each of them for gaining two, as well as we ; and much I fear,

If their necessities and ours were known,

They have more need of two, than we of one.

[*Exit embracing one another.*

Enter Palamede, Servant. *Pal.* with a letter in his hand.

Pal. This evening, say'st thou ? will they be both here ?

Serv. Yes, Sir ; both my old master, and your mistress's father : the old gentleman rid hard this journey ; they say it shall be the last time they will see the town ; and both of them are so pleas'd with this marriage, which they have concluded for you, that I am afraid they will live some years longer to trouble you with the joy of it.

Pal. But this is such an unreasonable thing, to impose upon me to be marry'd to morrow ; 'tis hurrying a man to execution, without giving him time to say his prayers. Go now and provide your master's lodgings.

Strat. I go, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Pal. It vexes me to the heart, to leave all my designs with *Doralice* unfinished ; -- if I had but once enjoy'd her.—

Enter

Enter Doralice.

Dor. Who's that you are so mad to enjoy, *Palamede*?

Pal. You may easily imagine that, sweet *Doralice*.

Dor. More easily than you think I can: I met just now with a certain man who came to you with letters from a certain old gentleman, yclep'd your father; whereby I am given to understand, that to-morrow you are to take an oath in the church to be grave henceforward, to go ill dress'd and slovenly, to get heirs for your estate, and to dandle 'em for your diversion; and in short, that love and courtship are to be no more.

Pal. Now have I so much shame, to be thus apprehended in this manner, that I can neither speak, nor look upon you; I have abundance in me, that I find; but if you have any spark of true friendship in you, retire a little with me; and bestow your charity upon a poor dying man.

Dor. Come, come, *Palamede*, we have drawn off already as much of our love as would run clear; after possessing, the rest is but jealousies, and disquiets, and quarrelling and piecing.

Pal. Well, madam, I am convinc'd that 'tis best for us not to have gone any farther; but 'gad the strongest reason is, because I can't help it.— But if I chance to out-live *Melantha*.——

Dor. And if I chance to out-live *Rhodophil*—

Pal. Well, I'll cherish my body as well as I can upon that hope. 'Tis true, I would not directly murder the wife of my bosom; but to kill her civilly, by the way of kindness, I'll put as far as another man: I'll begin to-morrow night, and be very wrathful with her, that's resolv'd on.

Dor. Well, *Palamede*, here's my hand, I'll venture to be your second wife, for all your threatnings.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. (*Aside.*) Billing so sweetly, now I am confirm'd in my suspicions: I must put an end to this, e'er it go farther (*to Doralice.*) Cry your mercy, spouse, I fear I have interrupted your recreations.

Dor. What recreations?

Rho. Nay, no excuses, good spouse, I saw a fair hand convey'd to lip, and prest, as though you had been squeezing

squeezing soft wax together for an indenture. *Palamede*, you and I must clear this reckoning ; why wou'd you have seduc'd my wife ?

Pal. Why wou'd you have debauch'd my mistress ?

Rho. Farther arguments are needless : draw off ; I shall speak to you now by the way of *Bilbo*.

[Claps his hand to his sword.

Pal. And I shall answer you by the way of *Dangerfield*.

[Claps, &c.

Dor. Hold, hold, are not you two a couple of mad fighting-fools, to cut one another's throats for nothing ?

Pal. How for nothing ? he courts the woman I must marry.

Rho. And he courts you, whom I have marry'd.

Dor. But you can neither of you be jealous of what you love not.

Rho. Faith, I am jealous, and that makes me partly suspect I love you better than I thought.

Dor. Then I have found my account in raising your jealousy ; O ! 'tis the most delicate sharp sauce to a cloy'd stomach ; it will give you a new edge, *Rhodophil*.

Rho. And a new point too, *Doralice*, if I could be sure thou art honest.

Dor. If you are wise, believe me for your own sake : love and religion have but one thing to trust to ; that's a sound faith.

Pal. *Rhodophil*, you know me too well, to imagine I speak for fear ; and therefore, in consideration of our past friendship I will tell you, and bind it by all things holy, that *Doralice* is innocent.

Rho. Friend, I believe you, and vow the same for your *Melantha* ; but the devil on't is, how shall we keep 'em so ?

Pal. I say, from henceforth let all acts of hostility cease betwixt us ; and, like true allies, let us enter into a firm treaty not to invade each other's possessions.

Dor. I will add one proviso, that whosoever breaks the league, either with war abroad, or by neglect at home, both the women shall revenge themselves by the help of the other party.

Rho. That's but reasonable. Come away, *Doralice*, I have a great temptation to be sealing articles.

Pal. Hast thou so ? nay then. [Claps him on the shoulder.

Fall

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Fall on *Macduff*. And curst be he that first cries, hold, enough.

Rho. Here comes a small emissary, *Palamede*; and I fancy, in order to finish it.

Enter Pholotis, hastily.

Pal. Ha! well, my dear, what news?

Phil. O, Sir, I am glad I have found you!

Pal. What's the matter?

Phil. My lady has just now received a letter from her father, with an absolute command to dispose herself to marry you to-morrow.

Pal. And she takes it to death, I presume.

Phil. O, dear Sir, she's under a greater misfortune than the apprehension of being marry'd to so fine a gentleman.

Pal. O, dear madam—but pray what is it?

Phil. Why, Sir, she is in so unconsolable a concern for her being out of favour with the princess, that she protests, she'll neither eat, drink, sleep, nor marry, 'till she has made her peace with her.

Pal. That's hard.

Phil. Now, Sir, you must know, upon these extraordinary occasions, she always practises what she is to do and say beforehand; and in order to it, she is just coming into this part of the walks; where, by her own direction, Sir, I am to personate the princess, and to receive her with all imaginable coldness, while she uses all the efforts of her *French* airs and phrases to recommend herself into my good graces.

Pal. Very good; but what is my part all this while?

Phil. Why, Sir, if you'll desire the good company to retire a little. — You shall bolt out upon her while she is in the very agony of her good breeding, and worry her with her own phrases, 'till you force her to lend a reasonable ear to your addresses.

Pal. Admirable! *Rhodophil*! —

Rho. We understand you — we'll be all ready at the next corner to give you a lift upon occasion.

[*Exit all but Pal. and Phil.*]

Phil. You must be sure to take no repulses, and I warrant you do her business—here is a list of her phrases for the day.—Ply her home with them, right or wrong, upon any occasion; foil her at her own weapons, for she's

she's like one of the old *Amazons*, she'll never marry, except it has been a man who has first conquer'd her.

Pal. Say you so? Faith, I'll lay her on to the best of my assurance then: but you won't forget, I hope, to give me a prompt upon occasion.

Phil. O, dear Sir, if you doubt my memory, put some token upon my finger to refresh it.—That diamond would do admirably.

Pal. There 'tis, and I ask your pardon heartily for calling your memory in question.

Phil. Here she comes; to your post. [*Pal. retires.*]

Enter Melantha.

Mel. O! are you there, madam?—come, are you perfect in the princess?

Phil. Yes, madam, particularly in all the reserv'd airs your ladyship was pleas'd to shew me.

Mel. Very well—move a little that way—so—now you are the princess and alone; and now is my time to introduce myself, and make my court to you in my new *French* phrases. Stay, let me read my catalogue *suite, figure, chagrin, naive*, and let me die, for the parenthesis of all.

Pal. Do, persecute the princess in imagination, and I'll persecute thee as fast in effigy. [*Aside.*]

Mel. Madam, the princess! let me die, but this is a most horrid spectacle, to see a person who makes so grand a figure in the court, without the *suite* of a princess, and entertaining your chagrin, all alone; (*Naive* should have been there, but the disobedient word would not come in.)

Phil. You take an unreasonable time, madam, I design'd this hour for solitude.

Pal. (*To Melantha*) Let me die, madam, if I have not waited here these two long hours without so much as the *suite* of a single servant to attend me; entertaining myself with my own chagrin, till I had the honour to see your ladyship, who are a person that makes so considerable a figure in the court.

Mel. Truce with your *douceurs*, good servant, you see I am addressing the princess; pray do not embarrass me—embarrass me! what a delicious *French* word do you make me lose upon you too! (*to Philotis.*) Your highness, madam, will please to pardon the *coup d'etourdy* which I made, in not sooner finding you out to be a princess.

Princess. But, let me die, if this *eclaircissement*, which is made this day of your quality, does not ravish me; and give me leave to tell you —

Pal. But first give me leave to tell you, madam, that I have so great a *tender* for your person, and such a *penchant* to do you service, that. —

Mel. What, must I still be troubled with your *sottises*? there's another word lost, that I meant for the princess, (with a mischief to you.) But your highness, madam. —

Pal. But your ladyship, madam. —

Mel. I say your highness, madam. —

Phil. Away impertinent.

Mel. Impertinent! oh, I am the most unfortunate person this day breathing; that the princess should thus *rompre en visiere*, without occasion; let me die, but I'll follow her to death, 'till I make my peace.

Fal. (Holding her.) And let me die, but I'll follow you to the infernals, 'till you pity me.

Mel. (Turning towards him angrily.) Ay, 'tis long of you that this *malheur* is fall'n upon me; your impertinence has put me out of the good graces of the princess, and all that; which has ruin'd me, and all that; and therefore, let me die, but I'll be reveng'd, and all that.

Pal. *Façon, Façon*, you must, and shall love me, and all that; for my old man is coming up, and all that; and I am *deses péché au dernier*, and will not be disinherited, and all that.

Mel. How durst you interrupt me so *mal à propos*, when you know I was practising my addreses to the princess?

Pal. But why would you address yourself so much a *contre temps* then?

Mel. Ah, *mal peste*!

Pal. Ah *jenrage*!

Mel. *Ad'autres, ad'autres*: he mocks himself of me, he abuses me; ah me unfortunate! [Cries.

Phil. Indeed you mistake him, madam, he does but accomodate his phrase to your refin'd language; pursue your point, sir. —

Pal. Ah, *qu'il fait beau dans ces bocages*:

Ah, *que le ciel donne un bon jour*! [Singing.

There I was with you with a minuet.

Mel. Let me die now, but this singing is fine, and extremely

tremely *French* in him. (*Laughs.*) But then that he should use my own words, as it were in contempt of me, I cannot bear it. [*Cries.*

Pal. *Ces beaux & sejours, ces doux rames.*

Mel. *Ces beaux & sejours, ces doux rames.*

Ces beaux sejours nous invitent a l'amour. [*Sings.*

Well; I begin to have a *tendre* for you, but yet, upon condition, that—when we are married, you.—

[*Pal. sings while she speaks.*

Phil. You must drown her voice; if she makes her *French* conditions, you are a slave for ever.—

Mel. First, will you engage—that.—

Pal. Fa, la, la, &c. [*Louder.*

Mel. Will you hear the conditions?—

Pal. No; I will hear no conditions! I am resolv'd to win you en *François*; to be very airy with abundance of noise, and no sense: Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Mel. Hold, hold, I am vanquish'd with your *gaieté d'esprit*. I am yours, and will be yours, *sans nulle reserve*; and let me die, if I do not think myself the happiest nymph in *Sicily*.—My dear *French* dear, stay but a minute 'till I *racomode* myself with the princess; and then I am yours, *jusqu' a la mort*. [*Going off.*

Enter Florimel, Rhodophil, Doralice and Flavia singing.

Omnes. A *Palamede!* a *Palamede!*

Pal. (*Fanning himself.*) Poo! I never thought before, wooing was so laborious an exercise; I 'gad, if she were worth a million, I deserve her.

Mel. Ah me, was ever nymph under such confusion? I shall have all the *tendre* of my *belle* passion turn'd into ridicule.—I hope, servant, you did not lay this ambuscade to be witness of my *foibles*.

Pal. Not I, upon honour, madam, but 'tis impossible for us great conquerors to fight without witnesses of our glory.

Dor. Come, come, madam, consider the pains he has taken to deserve you, and don't rob him of the glory of confessing it.—We are all your friends, give him your hand.

Mel. Dear, my dear, don't give me this confusion—I can't do it—he must take it if he has it.

B

Pal.

Pal. Thus I seize it then as my right of conquest. And now, madam, I take you prisoner for life.

Mel. Oh barbarous, and plunder me of all!

Pal. All in good time, madam.

Rbo. And now, *Doralice*, since your friend and mine are likely to be busy for some few months at least, I think we had—e'en as good mind our own business as stand idle—from this day forward, I'll never dine but at home.

Dor. Why truly, he that's always running to an eating-house, will find at the year's end, ne'er the less account in his house-keeping. When the meal's ready at home, somebody must sit down to it.

*And high-fed palates to their cost discover,
That husband's leavings often feast the lover.*

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